

the hardest,  
prepare

No. 38

[Songs  
or "Eat up"  
the song of mirth,  
fruitful and bright;  
naked and open  
opened again,

tributes bring,  
liberal hand  
for the dead,  
fill the air,  
treasures bear;

fill our days.  
All is Thine!  
suns that shine,  
in the ground,  
or fruit abound;

s everywhere.  
"Jordan"  
deep despair,  
e,  
come to share?

rkst night,  
ms of light,  
gave me sight?

was Jesus!  
once was woe,  
bade me go,  
was Jesus!  
to know;

od had spurned  
still turned,  
on yearned?

ious tear,  
heart to cheer;  
my car?

and care,  
of to bear,  
erywhere?

s gathers round,  
be found,  
around?

ere the living  
"Log?"  
Harvest Home;  
labors done,  
d the rain,  
ir work again;  
Harvest Home.

French Canadian, age  
build, dark hair, dark  
ation engaged in car-  
at Port Arthur, Ont.

Jewish, age 28, height  
eyes, fair complexion,  
Winnipeg, small  
double chin. Wife

ansen, born in Fred-  
t. Mother's name was  
Norway in 1880, and  
A. he took her name  
and married her in Win-  
nipeg. Force 1000

Erikson, age 23,  
hair, blue eyes, last  
Sask. Her father

ssion

# THE WAR CRY



WILLIAM BOOTH.  
Founder

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

BRAMWELL BOOTH  
General

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS  
101 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

IN CANADA WEST AND ALASKA

TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS  
317-319 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Man.

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CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner

## HEROISM IN THE HOME

Salvationists Who Triumph Amid Persecution in the Family Circle

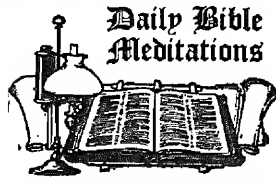


**E**XACTING as are the demands of public Army warfare upon the courage and perseverance of its Soldiers, the greatest difficulties are often encountered by them in the privacy of the home. To stand in the Open-Air and speak to jeering onlookers, to march behind the Band and wear uniform, taking part in the peculiar and sometimes little understood street

tactics of many Corps, is to some sensitive natures a burden, and yet there are thousands up and down the world who do these things with such abandon that they discover joy in the hardship. Not a few of them go from this task into the domestic realm of petty persecution and win there battles more strenuous and victories more glorious than the unfriendly street has witnessed.

"After I had been saved a few weeks, being then fifteen years of age," says one Soldier, "a comrade in the Corps gave me a jersey and a cap. I wore them twice and then, when donning them for the third time, was told by my father to surrender the clothing to him. Being trained to obey I gave them up without demur and had

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8)



## Daily Bible Meditations

Sunday, Deuteronomy 21: 18-21; 22: 1-8. "Thou mayest not hide thyself." To know of a wrong is to be responsible to do what one can to right it. The Israelite who "kept out of sight" to escape helping a stray or fallen animal, trespassed against the Mosaic law. How much more do we followers of Jesus, sin against His greater law of love, when, through fear or indifference, we refrain from helping the wandering, fallen souls around us.

Monday, Deuteronomy 24: 10-22. "Thou shalt not oppress an hired servant that is poor." God instructs that the needy worker be paid promptly, for "he is poor and setteth his heart upon it." So never run up bills. The widows and fatherless were in those days specially to be pitied, and the Lord taught His people to look after and care for them. No one is forgotten by our Heavenly Father, and He desires that we His children be loving and thoughtful too.

Tuesday, Deuteronomy 30: 1-10. "The Lord will . . . rejoice over thee." We all know how good parents are glad when their children live rightly, do well, and get on in life. They like to tell of their children's successes and rejoice with and over them. So the Heavenly Father longs that His children may walk uprightly and daily do His will, so that He may rejoice over them. May nothing in our lives today lessen His joy in us.

Wednesday, Deuteronomy 30: 11-29. "I have set before you life and death . . . therefore choose life." God in His Word, and by His Spirit, clearly reveals to us the way of life, and lovingly strives to persuade us to forsake the way of death, but He never compels us to alter our course. To save we must each make the deliberate choice.

Thursday, Deuteronomy 31: 14-26. "Write ye this song . . . and teach it the children of Israel." A wise man has said, "If I am permitted to make the ballads (songs) of a nation, I care not who makes its laws." Moses influenced his nation for all time by writing and teaching both its laws and its songs. The songs recorded in the next chapter, and in Psalm XC, are beautiful examples of his poetic work.

Friday, Deuteronomy 32: 1-12. "The Lord alone did I fear." Moses influenced his nation for all time by writing and teaching both its laws and its songs. The songs recorded in the next chapter, and in Psalm XC, are beautiful examples of his poetic work.

Saturday, Deuteronomy 32: 44-52. "Get thee up . . . and behold the land of Canaan." In vain Moses had begged and pleaded to enter the Land of Promise. All he was permitted to do was to gaze on its beauty, ere God took him to that Better Country, where there are no unfulfilled longings. Many, many years after, however, Moses did actually enter Canaan when he stood and talked with the Saviour on the Mount of Transfiguration.

### My Own Job

I haven't got to look after the universe. I've only got to do my own small job, and to look up often at the trees and the hills and the sky and be friendly with all men. —David Grayson.

## The Harvest Close at Hand

"They helped everyone his neighbour." —Isaiah 41:6.

WHAT a great mistake some of us make, especially those of us who are younger than others, in thinking that if we had another comrade's chances or opportunities or sphere of service, we should be able to do so much more for the Lord. We stand on the mountain top and look afar off, viewing the distant scenes of possible victory, and never realise that at our feet, down in the valley close at hand, there is so much to be done for God.

We see the gardens of our neighbours and wish we had some of their beauty in our own; we see the waving fields of our fellows and think of the glorious harvest which is coming to them, and lose sight of the abundant glories which are so near at hand.

A good many years ago, when stationed in England, we went with some children and others upon a blackberrying expedition. It was a glorious autumn day, and we were in a field surrounded by hedges in which there were many brambles bearing the luscious fruit.

### How and Where to Begin

We noticed the younger members of our company were keen to get the berries on the topmost branches, and, standing on tiptoe, they reached up with their hooks sticks, tearing their clothes and scratching their hands and faces as they pressed into the hedges to get the coveted fruit. Looking down at the branches which drooped on the grass at our feet, we found many of them laden with perfectly ripe berries growing so low that we had to get to his knees to pick them properly. Struggling after that, when we was out of reach and which, when obtained was not as ripe as it looked on the hedges, we had been tramping upon fruit ripe and ready for those who would stoop and pick it.

Frances Ridley Havergal tells us how she missed fruit near at hand. When she was at home in the country during school vacation, she used to have some of the

village girls at the rectory to teach them singing. She was very eager to help them, and, after the singing class, used to walk with them down the carriage drive, to the gate chatting with them, seeking to bring a little sunshine into their lives, but never getting to personal spiritual talk.

### The Lost Opportunity

Years afterwards, she was asked to visit a dying woman, and, on going, discovered she was one who, as a girl, attended the singing class. As Miss Havergal sat at the bedside, the woman said to her: "I often wished in those days that you would speak to me about my soul, and I often lingered at the gate after the others had gone, hoping you would do so, but you never did. Some time afterwards someone else led me to the Saviour, but I ought to have been yours."

Miss Havergal said that often in the days which followed, when she felt inclined to neglect any opportunity or shirk any duty, she seemed to hear the plaintive words of the dying woman, "I ought to have been yours, Miss Frances. I ought to have been yours." Hail which she missed the privilege of being the fruit-gatherer.

In the times of which the Prophet Isaiah spoke they turned to, as we say, and helped those that were close at hand: they picked the nearby fruit. They did not wait until the greater opportunities came, but they just saw those around them who were downhearted and despondent, and they said to them, "Be of good courage." They helped everyone his neighbour.

The young Corps Cadet who deals faithfully with his little company Sunday after Sunday in the same old hall which she has known ever since she was on the Cradle Roll, may just as surely be gathering fruit as her sister, whom she so much envies because she is out on the field doing what she thinks are much bigger things. Don't neglect the fruit which is close, for that which is out of reach.

## "OUR DAILY BREAD"

By ENSIGN EVA LEADBETTER

Those much-mumbled words in the Lord's Prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread," are usually given a very limited interpretation. When we speak of bread our ideas do not travel much farther than the flour, yeast and other things that go to form the baker's ingredients.

In some parts of the world the same prayer might be more correctly rendered, "Give us this day our daily rice," "our daily chestnuts," "our daily millet," according to the particular country and the material which happens to form the staple article of food.

And it is at once a curious and intensely interesting study to compare the various materials which serve the different nations of the world as the basis of their bread. In our highly favored country, where good bread, made from wheat flour, is always within reach, rarely a thought is given to the fact, which is nevertheless true, that after all the inhabitants of but a small portion of the earth's surface subsist on such food.

A strange mixture goes to make the "bread" of the Laplander, who, of course, is nearer the Arctic Circle. Oats, which are much used in northern latitudes, are blended with the inner bark of the pine. The two are mixed together and ground into very fine flour, and then made into large, flat cakes, and cooked in a pan over the fire.

### In Dreary Kamchatka

There is a dreary place called Kamchatka, in North-east Asia, where the people rely for their bread-food almost entirely upon pine or birch-bark. This is put through a process of maceration (to macerate is to soften and separate the parts of a substance by steeping it in fluid) and is then pounded and baked. The isolated land of Kamchatka is a peninsula 850 miles long, and from 80 to 280 miles wide, and is under Russian control. It has an area of nearly 500,000 square miles, but there is a population of only 5,000. The country is mountainous and has several volcanoes, one of

which, Mount Kluchevskaia, is 16,512 feet high.

The Islander scrapes the "Island Moss" off the rocks and grinds it into fine flour, which serves both for bread and puddings. In some parts of Siberia, China, and other Eastern countries a fair palatable bread is made from buckwheat. Again, in some parts of Italy, chestnuts are cooked, ground into meal, and used for making bread. Durra, a variety of millet, is much used in the countries of India, Egypt, Arabia and Asia Minor, for making bread.

### Ninety Millions Living on Rice

Rice is well known to be the staple food of the Japanese, Chinese, and a large portion of the inhabitants of India. But it will be a surprise to most people to learn that in one district of Bengal alone no fewer than 295 different varieties of rice are grown. Ninety millions of India's people practically live on rice. During the month of September the early rice harvest is gathered, but the great rice harvest comes later, usually in November.

A specimen of the "hunger bread" from Armenia is made of clover seed, flax or linseed meal, mixed with edible grass. In the Molucca Islands, the starchy pith of the sago palm furnishes a white, floury meal. This is made up into flat, oblong loaves, which are baked in curious little ovens, each oven being divided into oblong cells to receive the loaves.

Bread is also made from roots of manioc tubers in some part of Africa and South America. One remarkable thing about these roots is that they are deadly poison if eaten in the raw state, but when properly prepared make a pleasant and nourishing food. The roots are soaked for several days in water, which washes out the poison, then the fibres are picked out, dried, and ground into flour. This is then mixed with milk, if that is obtainable, and not, water is substituted. The dough is formed into little round loaves and baked in hot ashes or dried in the sun.

### A "TE DEUM"

Wake to your work, the sun is in, Praise God for work. Noon tide is near, the board is spread, Thanks be to God who giveth bread, Praise God for bread. Sinks to his sleep the pilgrim, Homeward to rest—the day is done, Praise God for rest.

### Christ and Sickness

THERE is a lot of untrained life being uttered in these days, and some very excellent people are partly responsible for that same, and therefore also responsible for a totally unnecessary despondency which settles upon others who are endeavouring equally with them to follow in the mind of the Master.

The man who happens to be strong and well, and who tells a brave invalid saint to "have more faith," thus risks hopes that may be disappointed, is as objectionable as the terrible fellow who cheerfully assumes in every case that God "sends" affliction.

God can heal without the use of Medicine, we know that, and sometimes for His glory. He does it, but just as normally as He provides in the sustaining of our bodily health by the taking of food, so He who has created the drugs and created the plants and the minerals of the earth out of which they are made, and created them in relationship to these bodily organisms of ours that He also

### A Centenary Call Campaign Benediction

"Arise therefore, and be doing, and the Lord be with thee." (1 Chron. 22:16)

has made, has willed that through such means as these health should be restored when it has been lost.

We are not saying, far from it, that the fervent, effectual prayer cannot still avail much—we know it can from our own experience—but our firm belief is that Jesus Christ heals through natural channels, and by his present-day appointed means, that is, in plain English, by medical science, and not by any pretended magic or in the course of some public exhibition which must, in our present judgement, be greatly distasteful to Him.

Of course, there are illustrations even to-day of divine healing for special purposes, but not for the avowed advantage or notoriety attaching thereto. Well, we won't describe it, except to say it is a mistake and misleading to assume it is the will of God that men and women never should be sick, and that as long as they have faith they must not get well.

Some of the great saints of the Church have been sick men and women. Some of the finest work in His Kingdom has been done by invalids. We know, of course, that many a sick bed is radiant with His glory.—J.

### Our Prayers—and the Other Man

We have often wondered how God manages to sort out the petitions that ascend to His throne, so that we all get some part of our necessities—not always our desires.

This wonderment has been fresh because of a little story just read. It concerns two boys, one is five and the other seven. One day after they had gone to bed, they heard shouting at the top of the stairs, and on their mother ascending to discover the reason of the noise, they were found kneeling on the stairs, praying as hard as possible, and trying to drown the other's voice.

When it was possible to stop the shouting, the mother enquired what the meaning of it was, when the girls answered: "Well, you know, I am asking God for a fine day tomorrow, so I can take my dollie out, and he is asking Him to make it snow, so he can throw snowballs at the girls."

Certainly an amusing story, but what is it but well for us occasionally to think of the other man before we venture on some of our petitions.

## "For the Term of His Natural Life"

A SHORT sketch of the life of C. Williams, No. 5169, who is in life in the New Jersey State Prison, Trenton, N.J., written by permission of the Principal Keeper, Mr. T. J. J. for The Salvation Army.

I was born on the 22nd day of 1889. My mother and father were very kind and loving, exceedingly proud. My father was a factory and had ninety men employed. While living in the country, I used to travel about three miles to often played hooky, thus I deceived my good, kind parents, of course, it wasn't long before I was including others in the catalogue of playing hooky and wrestling I drew other sins and to tell the truth, committed nearly every crime on the calendar.

### I shot my sweetheart

Finally, after sinking into sin, that I did not care for my mother, children, nor my home, or anything. I shot my sweetheart, quarrel over money and was sent to prison for "natural life." Since then I have given my heart to God and am striving to live as near as I possibly can under the cincture.

Shortly after my conversion I joined a Bible class, and now, after ten years of labor, I have over 700 members, about 350 in attendance. In addition the Bible class I have built up the 7-day League of The Salvation Army from somewhere around fifteen 1,000. I have also enrolled 135 women in the Life's Club.

I know not when I may go out outside world to live, but this I do know, God can, and does save a man so deep in sin that he was a dishonest and everyone who came in contact with him. My one desire is to live close to God, and thus show that there is reality in the love of Christ, who came to take away the sin of the whole world.—New York

## Monuments



The Edmonton 1 Citadel is a fine monument to the city's history, and as such it is one of the Capital of the Northwest as an additional monument which during recent years has been placed in fine structures.

It stands in a prominent place in close proximity to Jasper Park, one of the city, and also of North Saskatchewan River, two landmarks in that locality. The foundation stone was



## A "TE DEUM"

Vake to your work, the sun is on,  
Praise God for work,  
Joontide is near, the board is read,  
Punks be to God Who giveth bread,  
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inks to his sleep the pilgrim's sun,  
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Some of the great saints of God have seen sick men and women, and said, "The will of God is that they should be well, and He will do it by His Kingdom in them, and by His Kingdom in the world." We know, if we think of many a sick bed is radiating with His Kingdom.

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and the Other Man

We have often wondered how the angels and managers to sort out the petitions that ascend to His throne, so that we all get some portion of our necessities—not always our desires. This wonderment has been fresh because of a little story I read. It concerns two boys, one five and the other seven. One day after they had gone to bed, the older boy was shouting at the top of his voice on their mother ascending the stairs to discover the reason of the noise. They were found kneeling on the floor, praying as hard as possible, and trying to drown the other's voice. When it was possible to stop the noise, the older boy asked, "What was the meaning of that?" The other boy answered, "Well, I was asking God for a fine day to-morrow, and I can take my dollie out, and I was asking Him to make it snow, so he let it snow snowballs at the girls!"

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Shortly after my conversion I started a Bible class, and now, after ten years of labor, I have over 700 members, with about 350 in attendance. In addition to the Bible class I have built up the Brighter-Day League of The Salvation Army from somewhere around fifteen to over 1,000. I have also enrolled 136 men and women in the Life's Club.

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## Veteran Officer on old Battle Ground

Commissioner Whatmore, home from Australia, thrills London audience

SALVATIONISTS the world over have a habit of becoming intensely interested in the goings and comings and sayings and doings of our various International Leaders, even though they may be but names to them, and their knowledge limited to what they hear from others and see in our papers.

But there are many in our ranks in Canada West who have happily lively recollections of Commissioner Whatmore, who has recently returned to the Old Land from a seven years' sojourn in Australia; part of the time in East Australia with Headquarters in Sydney, and latterly in Australia South, with Headquarters in Melbourne. The fact that the Commissioner is shortly to pay a visit to Toronto as the Territorial Congress Leader gives special point to our interest.

## Seven Years "Down Under"

At a crowded Meeting held in the Regent Hall quite recently the Chief of the Staff, and the International Staff, accorded the Commissioner a special Home Welcome, and listened enthusiastically to his own, and Commissioner Mapp's record of seven years of Salvation triumph in the "Down Under" lands.

A significant proportion of the enthusiastic gathering which packed this West End Salvation rendezvous was composed of talkative veterans who had served under The Army Flag with the Commissioner in the early days of Blood-and-Fire conflict in the Metropolis. They did not need the Chief's assurance that they were met to honor a London lad. They knew him by a thousand tokens of tender remembrance which spring to vivid

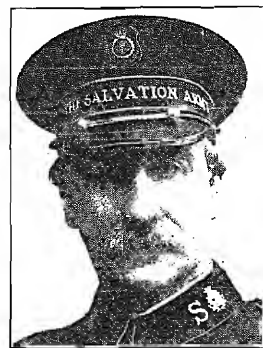
life in their memories at the sight of his familiar face and form on the platform.

Commissioner Jeffries, who succeeded Commissioner Whatmore as Principal of the International Training Garrison introduced a happy touch of humor when he referred to Commissioner Whatmore's Soldier days at Whitechapel. "Although I was then unsaved," said the Commissioner, "I claim some credit for having made Hugh Whatmore a good Soldier. Good Soldiers endure hardness—and I helped to make things hard for him."

## Return of Commissioner Mapp

Commissioner Mapp, whose first appearance it was on a public platform since his return from his recent tour to Australia, referred to the half-century of Army service which lay behind Commissioner Whatmore, and pointed out the fact that the Commissioner has had a hand in advancing The Salvation Army to its present position. The respect, the popularity, the affection which the Commissioner enjoyed were the outcome of what he was and what he had done. The recent campaign in Australia, said Commissioner Mapp, had given him an opportunity of seeing at first hand the monuments raised through the devotion, self-denial and ability of Commissioner Whatmore. Throughout Australia there were living monuments of soul-saving Soldiers and Officers as the outcome of the inspiration of Commissioner Whatmore's life.

Commissioner Whatmore, in his address referred to the many and considerable differences which he observed in London after an absence of seven years—its astonishing growth, the enormous increase in the volume of traffic and



Commissioner Hugh Whatmore,  
Territorial Commander, Australia South

noise. "But there are other changes also," said the Commissioner. "It has been a personal sorrow to me that I have not been able to see the General since my arrival. I pray that he may soon be restored to his place. There were faces known and loved seven years ago that I miss tonight—dear old Commissioner Howard and my friend Lawley. Commissioners McLagan and Bates and several more. Yes—there are many changes."

The Commissioner turned from his survey of London's alterations to speak with new enthusiasm of Australia, and the audience received impressions of an immense country, wealthy in natural resources filled with sunshine and health; a country where an utter absence of gloom characterised men's dealings with each other, but where the sparsity of the population presented extraordinary obstacles to furthering The Army War.

## The Handful of Corn

The Commissioner instanced a small Australian Corps with but a handful of Soldiers. On remarking to the Officer in charge that progress was slight she replied—"Ah yes, but you should know Commissioner, that there are twelve Officers on the Field who have gone out from this Corps."

Interspersed throughout the Commissioner's address were striking instances of what has been accomplished by the Social, Prison, and other branches of Army activity in Australia, and it was while the attention of the crowd was focussed on such a story that he swung them skillfully to the consideration of their own condition, appealing that all present might make sure of enjoying the right relationship to God by availing themselves of the "Blood that makes the vessel clean."

## John Harper's Last Convert

THE Christians of the entire world were shocked to hear of the seemingly tragic death of Rev. John Harper, who was coming to America to preach at the Moody Church, Chicago. John Harper went down with the Titanic.

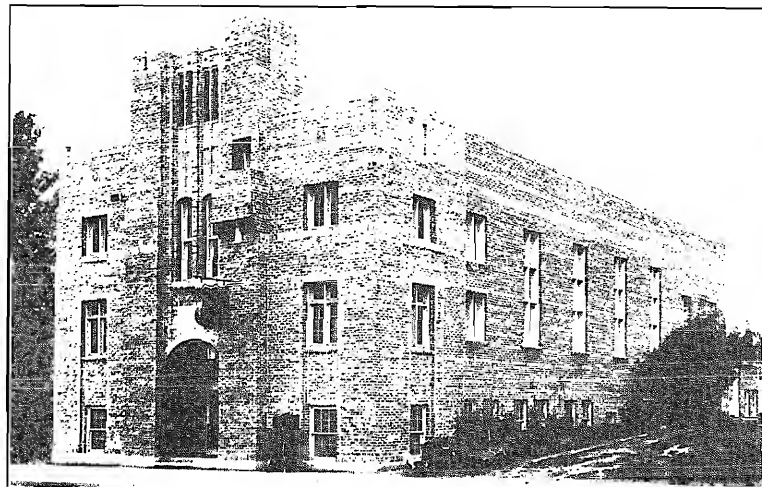
But since then we have learned that rather than being tragic, it was a death that was triumphant, and here is another testimony to that fact.

Three or four years after the Titanic foundered a young Scot-smith rose in a meeting in Hamilton, Canada, and said: "I was on the Titanic when she sank. Drifting alone on a spar in the icy water on that awful night, a wave brought John Harper of Glasgow, near me. He too, was holding on to a piece of the wreck."

"Amn, are you saved?" he shouted. "No, I am not," I replied. He answered, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." The waves bore him away; but, strange to say, a little later he was washed back alongside of me. "Are you saved now?" he called. "No," I replied. "I cannot honestly say that I am," he answered. He repeated the verse, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Then, losing his hold, he sank. And there, alone in the night, and with two miles of water under me, I believed. I am John Harper's last convert."

## Monuments of Salvation and Mercy in Canada West

## No. 5—The Edmonton 1 Citadel



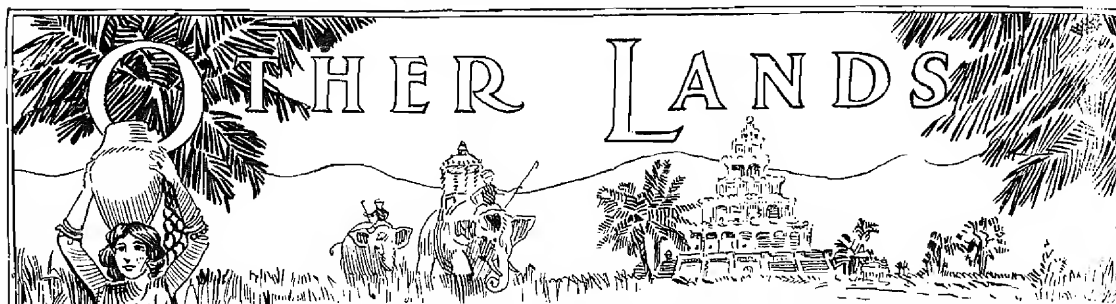
The Edmonton 1 Citadel is a centre of all-alive Salvation activity, and as such takes its place as a social asset to the Capital of the Province of Alberta, no less than as an additional architectural ornament to a city which during recent years has become known as a place of fine structures.

It stands in a prominent position on 102nd Street, in close proximity to Jasper Avenue, the main thoroughfare of the city, and also overlooks the valley of the North Saskatchewan River, thus adding to the prominent landmarks in that locality.

The foundation stone was laid on November 14th,

1925, and the spacious building was opened for Army Service on January 23rd, 1926 by His Honour Lieutenant-Governor Egbert, and dedicated to the Glory of God by Commissioner Rich.

There is a Public Auditorium with accommodation for four hundred persons; a Young People's Hall of good proportions, and also some splendid space for other Corps activities. A great improvement indeed on the premises which the Corps had occupied since the opening days of 1893, but which premises, it must be said, still occupy a large place in the affectionate memories of many throughout the Dominion who there found the Salvation of God for the first time.



## The Great Front Door of China

By ENSIGN CLINTON EACOTT

ARRIVING with ten other Officers at the "Front Door" of Peking in December of 1920, I helped them sing a verse all our own which ended thus: "Constrained By Love, The Need We Saw, So Enter China's Open Door."

How glad we were our welcome was so hearty and to know such a door was open to us of service to Jesus!

As progress with the language was made, the door opened to us more and more. How happy the days have been, as moving from place to place we have not only inquired the number of doors, i.e. the population, but actually passed through so many into the homes of the people.

### The Door of Poverty

It was a poorly hung door of shrunken wood, unpainted and battered; the upper half covered with dirty broken paper. It squeaked and creaked its protest as it was pulled open by a ragged child whose teeth chattered when the cold wind struck his thin emaciated frame. In the darkness beyond was another child crouching against an elderly man, who lay in a heap on a comfortless brick bed with his poor frayed out remnant of straw matting. Going nearer we found the poor fellow's feet badly frozen with several toes almost falling off. Our inquiry elicited the fact that he was really only half the age he looked, long sickness and poverty had left such marks. To enter such a door with a pan of hot millet porridge and later with warm padded garments, ointment and bandages for the poor feet, and coal balls for the battered old oil-lamp that served as a stove, was a real joy. Such doors are legion and easy to enter, perhaps; but what use to go empty handed? The sweetest words and loveliest thoughts can have little comfort—"If a brother or sister be naked and destitute of daily food and . . . you say, 'Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body; what doth it profit?"

### The Ancient "Moon-Gate"

Through an ancient "moon-gate," one of those beautifully symmetrical round gates found in old compounds, we passed. On we went to the high, intricately carved and brightly painted doors of an aristocrat's house. The mistress, an elderly lady, greeted us with a solemn curtsy, and then a beaming smile and insisted that we precede her into the handsomely furnished guest-room. Here, after fragrant light colored tea is served us in most delightfully delicate china cups, we have opportunity to speak without restraint of our Lord Jesus. The old lady repeats each sentence after us with thoughtful

intentness. Surely we see one of whom He would say, "Behold I stand at the door and knock." May this door yield to Him! Though, alas, the adversary here is a strong one; for we see a beautiful, but harm working opium smoking set lies close at hand.

### "We Stoop to Enter"

"Please enter," is the call in a voice evidently at the breaking stage, and we stoop to enter a small clean room where three students are preparing their lessons. Room is quickly made for us on a well kept board bed, with its neat covers and evenly hung mosquito net. Two of these youths attended our Service last Sunday and they are reading the New Testament carefully. There are one or two converted among the crowd we hear at play outside and as we join these we hope that frequent contact with these young men of a purely Government school may result in their yielding to our Saviour.

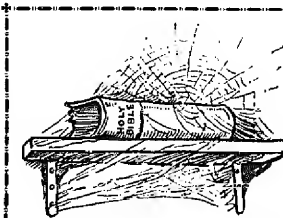
"Lady comes!" call out the children as my wife walks a dusty street, and one, a regular attendant at our Sunday school, takes her hand fearlessly into his little grimy paw and coaxes, "Do come and see my mother." What a door these delightful black-eyed children can be, and how gladly one follows such a one through the dark archway of a heavy outer door, across the rough courtyard, through the house door then into the inner room where the mother and the other women are! They are a little shy at first, but respond timidly yet courteously, and after further visits look for one's coming. Superstition and ignorance are adversaries which so often shut off these women.

### The Massive Outer-Gate

"Ching"—in a loud and prolonged voice, as the porter throws open the central four leaved doors within the massive outer gate of an old "Yamen." He trots on silently to yet further down and we pass through a succession of them till at last we are met by the local official. With him we chat of our aims and work. He may be of the old school—in Chinese gown and cap and wearing heavy spectacles—or he may be of the younger and more forward type. In these cases, how often is there some knowledge of the "Wat" we teach and sometimes actual interest; indeed we have known the sweetness of prayer and Bible reading and real fellowship in even this inner-citadel of Chinese life.

Urging our donkeys up the steep incline we dismount at the entrance to a beautiful old temple. Standing for a moment under a wonderful old "pai lai" an archway, peculiarly Chinese in architecture of white stone cleverly engraved

The Owner of this Book has probably forgotten the command of Jesus, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel." The Centenary Call Campaign is also the Call of God.



## An Australian Aboriginal Corps

WE are here afforded a clear idea of work being carried on at a flash among the mountains of Victoria, Australia, where an energetic soul-saving work is in progress amongst a scattered community. The Officers who are out visiting their widely scattered "pen-humers" having left their last place of call, pass on for a few miles until they come to the remnant of an aboriginal settlement, which eighteen months ago was abandoned, the natives being transferred to a big aboriginal encampment at Lake Tyers. Of these folk living on the river bank the Officers heard, and forthwith went to visit them.

They were not entire strangers to the Army, for two years ago an Officer, then stationed at Healesville, visited the station periodically and conducted Meetings with the natives. One of them, a woman of eighty years, suggested to the Officers that Meetings should be held among them again. The following Sunday night it was announced that the Captain would go down to the river among the people settled there, and hold a Meeting.

The Converts from the two-point went to inform them and to be ready to gather the congregation. Now, on my Sunday afternoon, whilst the Last-nights attend to the children at the Young People's Corps, the Captain can be seen standing beneath a gum tree on the banks of the Yarra, surrounded by about twenty adults and a crowd of children.

The sound of singing fills the air, accompanied by music from the Captain's flutina. Three boys playing on gum-leaves, and harmonising well with the music and singing, form an unusual orchestra. A number of these people have been attracted to the senior Meetings at The Army Hall, and about half a dozen are present each Sunday night. Several of the women have been converted, and two enrolled as Soldiers.

Some weeks ago a special Meeting took place in the open country, when the Divisional Young People's Secretary dedicated one of the children to God.

### Plague Visitation

North India has suffered a plague visitation, and Commandant Ram Lal, in command of the Khanewan Corps (Batala Division), lost two of his sons in one day. In his village there were seventy deaths, including seven Salvationists.

and ornamented, we look down the wooded valleys at the feet of which a tiny stream is flowing from a sacred waterfall. Turning we pass through the velvety old arch and in through the doors, all open. Crossing the wide yard we meet a priest, who, having bowed, greeted us, and he, with a brightening countenance that we the "Jesus teaching." Almost even leaves us. Soon he returns and trustfully hands us a Gospel he has many years. What a door in the of many strange gods to tell us the Most High God!

Doors! Oh how varied! From theocrat's wonderful entrances to the patched sack in the pauper's doorway. Adversaries! They are legion and formidable than the hideous looking gods, or the dogs which one confronts entering a home in China—the sin, ignorance, the studied aversion and determined opposition—and yet the door still open. That great Front Door!

### "The Uniform Molests Me"

The following incident will serve to show how The Army Soldier and his Uniform are respected among the people in Brazil. Quite recently one of our Local Officers agreed to act as witness at the wedding of one of his workmates. The Local Officer decided to go to the wedding in his Salvation Army uniform because, as he said, it would safeguard him from falling, and it would afford him an opportunity of speaking to the guests.

During the wedding banquet one of the ladies present withdrew from the table and went elsewhere to drink something intoxicating, and explained the reason for her action to another of the guests in the following words: "I have come here to drink because in the dining-room the Salvationist's uniform molests me, and I am quite ashamed to drink in his presence." On that occasion, too, in deference to The Army uniform, no dancing was indulged in until after our comrade had gone.

### The Policeman Was Converted

In a review of the history of Sydney I, the first Corps in New South Wales, the Australia East "War Cry" states that in the early days The Army was not popular with the police, and to be told to "move on" in the midst of an Open-Air Meeting was a common occurrence. On one of these occasions the policeman's order to "move on" was ignored by the Officer. It was well that this order was unheeded, for, when the invitation was given to kneel at the drum-head the policeman himself knelt there. In later years, until his death, he was Treasurer of the Auburn Corps, where his widow, Sister Mrs. Bainbridge, is still a Soldier.

Commissioner Johan Ogrim (retired) celebrated his 73th birthday a short time ago in Stockholm, where he was the recipient of numerous congratulatory messages from civic leaders as well as from other parts of Europe, and especially Germany, where the Commissioner and his wife endeavored themselves to the hearts of the German nation.

The proprietor of a grocer's shop at Sao Paulo, Brazil, had an accident, one arm being badly bruised. He then went in search of The Army Officers, and confessed to having flung a raw potato into the Open-Air ring. He felt that this accident was God's punishment for his wrong action, and sincerely apologized.

At the Omaha Divisional Headquarters, Central Territory, U.S.A., recently, a money order for \$30.00 was received from an individual who had won the amount in a "crooked poker game." He stated in a letter that he sought to make amends by sending it to The Army.

## On the Moose Jaw in South

Labor Day week-end out to be a strenuous gratifying one, for the men. Saturday afternoon



### BANDMASTER PROBERT

ant audience waiting. The main stop for the where, Captain Martin Lieutenant Brunsdon led by Brothers O'Brien and per was a big affair, as Band was soon in good evening's fighting—an big Festival in the Pre. The solo items especially.

After a well-earned ring found the Band dispensing cheer and suffers there. Then an Open-Air Meeting, after Assiniboia for Derwood had lunch. Then on to our intense surprise we found a crowd of eight people ready to greet reception accorded us giving these good folks than we had allowed.

sequently we were reaching Weyburn, our day. Several minor which nearly became served to make us late at Weyburn there was supper or bed. We Theatre where the Band in a Festival of high cal crowd was delighted it mildly. The house doors, and each item to the Captain and Mrs. Corps Officers.

Monday morning we Hospital and after an taken over the last night! It certainly too very deeply.

Our next stop was then came Milestone, pointment, Routeau, where our Festival was place, was not too well-out to the crowded surely turned out to be. We then started on trail, but the breaking the cars, and other delayed our home-arr o'clock in the morning and work go well together a good time.

Among the items p Fortness," "American and Silas," "Good old W er's Prayer" selections, the "800" Journal up to We should all like to Steele for his untiring his trip a success, and Officers who arranged t is, not forgetting our usign and Mrs. Ede, "the time," "Rex"

### Harvest Gains

(Captain Margaret St. (Loses). Recent visitors ven Ensign Schwartz and Sister Carter from welcomed into our m flowers from Ferns, b well to Brother Prince weeks ago for the have since been cheered, ag that the son of one who accompanied this converted. Hallelujah! Great blessing has a Meetings, held every Sun taken their stand there when we hear them t is doing for them—B.F.

## On Tour in South Alberta

### The Lethbridge Band goes a-motoring

The Citadel Band, under the baton of Bandmaster Hardy, recently enjoyed a most successful trip to the towns north of the city, the most distant being High



BANDMASTER HARVEY

We hear that Captain Poole, recently of Vancouver, is also a patient at Grace Hospital, Winnipeg, undergoing surgical treatment of some urgency. Here's good wishes for her, most certainly.

According to "The Crusader", Ensien and Mrs. Patterson have taken up their first independent command in China, and are now "on their own" at Ta Tung Fu, Cansu. Many comrades will remember

Speaking of Grace Hospital—we are reminded that Major Hansell and her nursing companion, Miss Alice Young, have arrived safely in the Old Land; we understand that the voyage was accomplished "without incident" as they used to say in the War. The Major must be getting to be a good sailor.

\* \* \*

With further reference to Grace hospital—we are not too late to remind our Winnipeg comrades of the fact that "Babies Day Soon" is now being changed to an actual idea — "Babies Day To-day." Major Oake believes that he is "fed up with babies," but we know he doesn't actually mean it, for he is one of the best old Dads that we know.

\* \* \*

Adjutant and Mrs. Putt have been justifying at Ingolf, and there has been a consequent miss in the life of the Editorial Department. However, we are sure that the Adjutant has been gathering ideas and stories that will delight our readers in the days to come.

Brigadier Carter asks us to say, for the special benefit of "The Victors," that Room 47 of the Garrison is now dedicated to the ever blessed memory of "The Overcomers," and Room 15 to the glorious recollections of "The Conquerors." That's a pretty broad hint, any-

We much miss Ensign Petersen's happy presence around Territorial Headquarters, but our loss is Brigadier Gosling's gain. However, we have been ever so glad to welcome Captain Viletta Cummings and Captain Isabel McBride into the charmed circle.

Edward Otway, age 13, son of Staff-Captain and Mrs. H. Otway (formerly of Canada West), of Detroit, Mich., recently conducted a heroic rescue when a young woman, while swimming on the lake, sank and was in danger of drowning. The young man was forced to break a strangle hold and swim some distance before being picked up by rescuers.

A well known Continental musician who was supervising the work of an English orchestra at rehearsal became annoyed with the conductor for his erratic use of the baton. Finally he stopped the rehearsal and said: "Mistaire Jones, you would make a beautiful conductor—for ze omnibus! You vas always behind!"

## Weston

Adj. White and Capt. Houghton Welcomed

### Commdt. Carroll and Some Farewells

A very special day at this Corps, was the welcome Sunday of our new Officers, Adjutant White and Captain Loughton. Everyone was in fine form, and God gave us a beautiful sunny day. Judging by the sunshine reflected on the faces of those around, we expected that the new Officers would receive a real "Army" welcome—and they did! "Rousing" is the only word that will apply, and it did their very best to make the Officers feel at home as soon as possible. As a result the Captain said in the Salvation Meeting that she already felt quite at home, because of the fine Army spirit prevailing.

In true Calgary form the Soldiers turned out; from early morning kneedriff, when we had "Hot Rolls" from the Father's table, to the close of the Prayer-Meeting at night, when we all rejoiced together over one soul, there were few faces missing. The forceful slogan, "We're in this war to fight, fight, fight!" was demonstrated by every Soldier, both at Open-Air and inside Meetings.—Scribe.

open in the same image browser.

### The Promise of the Shower

**Humboldt** (Captain Walker and Lieut. Nelda Hicks). We recently had a visit from the Northern Saskatchewan Charioteers, and they were a means of blessing to us. On the Saturday night a large crowd gathered around the Chariot to hear the old, yet ever-new, story. The Spirit of God was manifested in the Sunday night Meeting when we rejoiced over the return of a backslider.—C.C.

## A Gift From Afar

'Der Kriegerstuf' ('The War Cry'), published in Germany, recently made acknowledgement of a donation of fifty dollars received at the Territorial Headquarters, Berlin, from a little Corps in remote Alaska. The fact that the donor expressed the wish that his gift should help The Army's work in the Fatherland accounted for an offering from so far.



## THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in  
 Founder—William Booth  
 General—Bramwell Booth

Canada West and Alaska  
 International Headquarters  
 London, England  
 Territorial Commander,  
 Lieut.-Colonel Chas. Rich,  
 317-319 Carlton St.,  
 Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be addressed to The Editor, Lt.-Colonel Joy.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES:** A copy of The War Cry (including the Special Easter and Christmas issues) will be mailed to any address in Canada for twelve months for the sum of \$2.50 prepaid. Address The Publications Secretary, 317-319 Carlton Street, Winnipeg.

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### OFFICIAL GAZETTE

(By Authority of the General)

**APPOINTMENTS—**  
 Adjutant Helena White and Captain Frances Houston, from Brandon to Calgary; Lt. Adjutant and Mrs. Roy McInnes from St. Paul Work to Brandon.  
 Captain Gail Hawkins from Regina II to Vermilion.

(Signed) CHAS. T. RICH,  
 Territorial Commander.

### THE CHIEF SECRETARY

We are glad to be able to report that our honored Chief Secretary still maintains the rate of improvement which we were able to report last week. He is by no means free from pain, and naturally suffers very much discomfort, which is not to be wondered at considering the serious operations through which he has passed.

He is, however, still conscious of a very real submission to Divine Will, and also greatly supported by the powerful sympathy of all Officers and Soldiers throughout the Territory, indeed The Army at large.

### LT.-COLONEL BRAMWELL TAYLOR CONGRATULATIONS!

In connection with the transfer of our present Field Secretary, Brigadier Bramwell Taylor, to the Principalship of the San Francisco Training Garrison, the Commissioner announces that the General has been pleased to further signify his confidence in our esteemed comrade by promoting him to the rank of Lt.-Colonel. We feel sure that this added honour to an honourable Army name will be worthily borne; it places, so to speak, a seal upon the Colonel's energetic and successful service in this Territory, and, indeed, upon the whole of his career.

We congratulate our friend and comrade, and also include in these felicitations Mrs. Taylor, and seeing he has a share in the family advancements and pilgrimages, we also congratulate Scout Wilfred Taylor.

### THE SHAME OF CANADA

Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, the famous physician missionary of Labrador, speaking in the United States recently, said: "I saw more intoxication and more of the ill results of intoxication during the short time I was in Winnipeg, Montreal, and Toronto than I have seen in the United States in six months. In Dallas, Tex., I met something like ten thousand superintendents of public schools and the large majority of them were in favor of prohibition. I have seen tens of thousands of American children, especially in the West, who have never seen liquor used as a beverage and a young generation is growing up that will not want it."

This, coming from a man of wide knowledge and experience such as Dr. Grenfell undoubtedly possesses, is something for the thoughtful Canadian to turn over in his mind.

Jesus taught that one should not save, but give all—his very life if needs be. He practiced what He preached, and died upon a cross not owning a dollar to His name.

## TERRITORIAL STAFF CHANGES

### LT.-COLONEL G. WALTER PEACOCK APPOINTED FIELD SECRETARY

THE Commissioner has received information from International Headquarters that the General has appointed Lieut.-Colonel Walter Peacock to the Field Secretaryship of the Canada West Territory and here and now we give him a right hearty salute and welcome.

Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Peacock are no strangers to Canada West, for it will be remembered that until the year 1920 the days of their Salvation Army service had been spent in the Dominion, and that at the formation of the Western Territory the Colonel assumed important office amongst us. For the past eight years they have filled front-rank positions in our American Forces, first in Chicago for nearly six years, and latterly in the Southern U.S.A. Territory where the Colonel has ably discharged duties similar to those which he will take up amongst us.



It is expected that our comrades will arrive in Winnipeg towards the end of October, and arrangements are already on foot to give them a public Territorial welcome.

Staff-Captain Benj. Bourne is appointed to the oversight of Subscribers and Financial Organization affairs within the entire Province of Saskatchewan, and will have his centre of operations at Regina.

Adjutant William Cooper removes from Regina, and takes up Subscribers Department duties in North Saskatchewan, and will reside in Saskatchewan.

Adjutant Richard Shaw undertakes Subscribers Department duties in the Province of Alberta, with quarters at Calgary.

Other contingent appointments will be announced by the Commissioner within a few days.

## A DISAPPOINTING EVENT AT VICTORIA

### HOW THEY SAID GOOD-BYE TO COLONEL AND MRS. BARR

"Too late! Too late!  
 Will be the cry."

It was to have been the best "send-off" yet, and there have been many; for was not the Colonel one of our own. What plans we made, and how we anticipated seeing him once more after so many years. Adjutant Barrett made arrangements and announcements so that no one interested could be in doubt as to time and place even if they did not read the "War Cry". The old timers of thirty years ago wondered if the Colonel would know them, and whether he had changed much. Old stories were retold of the time when he was the Divisional Grace-Before-Meat Agent, and visited the Corps armed with a magic lantern in winter, and a gramophone in summer, his mission to open the little boxes that held contributions for the Social Work. Later, he was the Victoria Social Officer when a Food and Shelter Depot known as "The Ark" was established in the Market Building, Cormorant Street.

A woodyard at the rear of the "Shelter" helped the unemployment situation of that time. Colonel Barr's first child, Nettie, was born in Victoria while he filled this appointment.

Could we feel other than eager to see him? The day came at last, September 26th, and the "Empress of Canada," with Colonel and Mrs. Barr on board, steamed in to the outer docks. They were accompanied by Ensign Goodwin, who saw to their comfort during the trip from Vancouver, and the Corps and Social Officers were on hand to welcome them. The telephones were kept busy and 7.30 p.m. being the most convenient hour for the Band and comrades to congregate, the tea hour in several homes was broken into with hurried preparations for the "send-off," some going supperless in the effort.

But, sad to relate, 7.30 found the huge liner putting a fast widening strip of

water between her and the dock, and only the early birds, including part of the Band, were in time to see the Missionary Territorial Commanders embark for their long journey to Korea. When the whistle blew many were still on their way in motor and street cars, some hurrying along the dock, a sister running with an armful of flowers, and others with parcels of all sizes for Ensign Irwin, who will, we know, accept the will for the deed. As the good ship carried away two more devoted Officers with already a long service record, the words of the tune the small Band was playing fastened themselves on our minds:

"Precious souls are dying, nerve me for the light,  
 Help me spread the glorious news,  
 Liberty and light."

We know that in the strength of Him Who has called them to leave all and follow Him, they will indeed help to spread the Gospel light in that dark land. May God bless them as we write.

And one cannot tell such a tale as the above without entering very keenly into the feelings of the disappointed comrades, and also remembering that it behooves us to be on time in the things of salvation and eternity, so that when He comes we may be ready.—A.E.T.

### "BROTHER"

He stood outside The Army Open-Air ring, drunk and forsaken. The Captain, in his personal invitation to him to come to the Meeting in the Hall, called him "Brother."

"This was a new and strange thing to me," said he. "I was usually thought of as a 'drunken pest,' a 'nuisance,' but this man called me 'Brother.' I'll go with him." He did so, and that night God set the poor drunkard free from his slavery to drink. It was calling him "Brother" that broke him up.

## MRS. COMMISSIONER RICH CONDUCTS SPECIAL WOMEN'S MEETING IN WINNIPEG

AS is usual on these occasions, the familiar and home-like atmosphere to the women comrades of the Salvation Army gathered there on September 27th for an hour or so of spiritual refreshment and inspiration for the work which lies ahead of the Home League and League of Mercy committees of Winnipeg.

Mrs. Lt.-Commissioner Rich, the principal speaker, and Mrs. J. Miller, Territorial Home League Secretary, were glad to be able to again introduce her to an audience of interested audience. Prior to Mrs. Rich's address, however, Mr. Miller spoke, especially referring to the well-willing Officers, whose immediate departure will make quite a hole in the ranks of Home League workers.

Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Taylor, Mrs. J. G. Smith, Mrs. Staff-Captain Clarke, and Mrs. Staff-Captain Steele.

This break will be most keenly felt where Mrs. Steele is concerned, for, as the Divisional Home League Secretary, she has been typically active. All the Officers mentioned spoke, telling of the gladness and pleasure with which they had given their services. Home League Secretary Mrs. Stames, of Home St., also said a few words.

Mrs. Rich's helpful address on "Prayer," given with her usual thoughtful delivery, brought much light and blessing to her hearers, who were further blessed by the singing of Mrs. Staff-Captain Mundy. Mrs. Major Tyndall presided at the piano.

## ILLNESS OF A FAMOUS VETERAN

Adjutant John Gore, one of the first Salvationists and one of the eighty-two years of age, died following a stroke (a heart attack) received from Australia.

The Adjutant was converted as a boy in the Christian Mission. Before his work as a London millman and manager to Australia he met in Adelaide a Yorkshire builder, who was also a convert of the Mission, and the two informally commenced operations and won converts to the charge of whom Officers were appointed in 1881.

Although weak (continues the report) the Adjutant's spirit is as bright as ever. When visited by the Chief Secretary recently he asked for the choros, "We'll sing in the morning the songs of Salvation," to be sung, and while unable to join with the words, he beat time to the singing and insisted on the choros being repeated many times.

## THE CADET REACHED THE GARRISON

In view of the fact that our own Cadets are now making their final laps towards the Garrison, we are interested in the following story.

Gutierrez was a miner up in the country, some distance from a Chinaman. He had given in his notice, however, to the Training Session at Samarra. He was shortly due to commence, and Gutierrez the miner was also a Cadet for Officership. The day on which he had been instructed to enter the Garrison drew near, and still the River Niger, which flowed between his hills and the nearest railway station, stood in flood.

Believing that unless he arrived on the opening day he must wait until the Session, the Candidate wired his letters to say he could not come. The waters assuaged a little, and taking courage in both hands, and the day containing his best uniform on his back, the eager South American Salvator struck out into the raging torrent and roared where the ford used to be.

The swarthy, mud-bespattered man who arrived at the Garrison, carrying his uniform in a bundle, on the afternoon of the day of study was none the less welcomed because he was late. His courage and resourcefulness are still serving Lieut. Gutierrez well on the Field in the Canadian (West) Territory.

## A SABBATH

### Sunday Morning and Sunday Corps.

MORNING—STONEY MOUNTAIN

COULD ever Penal Establishment be situated at a place with a bidding name, the sound of which to send cold shivers down one's spine to conjure up gruesome sights? And yet, if one stays to consider a few moments there is produced a same place a work of grace which is far from being as it is in the minds of the casual visitor.

That those who help in this always have a warm welcome in the hearts of the unfortunate residents was amply evidenced by the Commissioner and his party in the Chapel of the Penal Sunday morning last. Keep advantage of any opportunity.



Warden Meighen of Stony Mountain Penitentiary.

this part of his wide-spread content is evident to all that such is not by reason of the afore-mentioned, so much as his feeling of "Try Again" is a very message from our Lord and

Right from the start there was a newness in the proceedings. The singing of the ordinary hymns that spontaneity which previous have led us to expect, and the which the whole congregation The Army men, and, for a while, the whole congregation, applauded loved nearly all that was a simple indication that "It's the Army."

With the Commissioner were the of the Winnipeg Citadel I ordered some instrumental music, reminiscent of better and brighter, but no less suggestive of probabilities in the days to come. Captain Weeks added his own song, and song and Brigadier also assisted.

### Regular Visitors and "He"

It will be no surprise to hear, that the most intimate welcome reserved for Staff-Captain Mundy who have been regular visitors of the Institution for over a year, and, during that same period, those whose stay has drawn a date long anterior to last. Needless to say, the fact that the Staff-Captain has been a regular visitor, and his responsibilities was an item in those "regular hearers."

The Commissioner's message dated to bring hope and cheer to those who have been so long in the institution, he spoke of so powerful to-day that He can make the to-morrow of our lives a joy and glory. To our Leader in such a

(Continued on page 8)



## Stories of Army Trophies

By Arthur E. Copping

The fact that Arthur Copping has lately been a visitor in our midst gives added interest to the fact that we have just received from International Headquarters a copy of his latest book: "Stories of Army Trophies". Mr. Copping was formerly a London journalist and a writer of note, but during recent years has given himself wholly to Army service and journalism; those of us who have lately come to know him have enjoyed his genial companionship no less than his words of heart-felt testimony.

His latest book, as the preface says, is "as thrilling as any novel." The eight stories which are contained in the volume deal with the lives of the lowly of London, but while the environment of these whose tales are told may have been drab and colorless, there is an abundance of incidents of great human interest. "Nobby Clark" for instance was a police constable in East Dulwich. And as far removed from the "Angel of Mons" as could be imagined. Nevertheless the following extraordinary incident occurs in the ripping good story of "Nobby Clark: A Temporary Orphan."

"Upon the outbreak of war in 1914, P.C. 201, was recalled to the colors in time for Mons and the Marne. At the desperate attempt to take La Bassée, Sergeant Clark and his platoon acted as the spear-point of the attacking force. Then they were incalculably surprised by the unexpected hurricane of shells, their comrades could not doubt. But it was the most serious surprise of Nobby's life, that while every square yard of the surrounding ground seemed silent and aqueous, a standing figure of beautiful mystery stood by the prostrate platoon with outstretched protecting arm."

After that Nobby could devote himself to personal calls and the known Salvationist had many opportunities of service with a mind undisturbed by any sense of danger. True, he was often under fire, but following his escape at La Bassée he received a conviction of assured safety throughout the campaign. Thus it was an astounding Nobby who, when occupying a post of danger in the Ypres salient, had his right hand smashed by an exploding bullet. Nor did his surprise cease, until on comparing notes with his haggard ward in an English hospital he found that, on the very day, and apparently at the exact hour, when he was hit in Belgium, she, under the strain of many anxious months without news, had sunk to her knees and prayed, 'O God, if it can't be done in any other way, let him be wounded and sent back to me!'

The opening and longest story is entitled, "Pinky's Past." He was a London slum dweller, and his past was nothing to write home about, because according to the author, he "had been a drinking blackguard—a sloppy, thieving waster." Concerning his thieving exploits, the following is told:

"Sometimes an element of mockery entered into the misdeeds of Pinky and his pals. Having cleared out a hen roost, they left this inscription on the door:

"You are rich and we are poor:  
So we've left you one old hen to rear us  
some more."

"Pinky once had the audacity in a crowd to ask the name of a certain old gentleman, who, on feeling in his pocket, exclaimed in consternation, 'Hello, someone has stolen my watch! Pinky had."

"The young all-round rascal sometimes broke into houses. This led to one of the most startling and memorable experiences of his life."

"Today, many years afterwards, on recalling the event, he shudders. 'I can scarcely speak to me then. Ah, if only I had heeded!' Time has not thinned the memory. What he saw then, he still can vividly see in his mind's eye. The fathers and almost trembles when he speaks of the matter."

"It was this. Having broken into a house he went tip-toeing into a bed room which, from information received, he expected to find empty. Flashing on the dark lantern, he found that the bed was occupied."

"Followed side by side were a little boy and a little girl—picture of sweet, pink innocence. Her small arm was around his curly head. They slept placidly on, never stirring. They were beautiful beings, outside the range of the burglar's experience, but within the range of his adoration. To him they were a pair of God's angels."

"Pinky was unimpaired. He was spellbound. He explains that he tried to move, but could not. Only after a severe struggle did he succeed in uprooting his feet from the floor and making his escape. He left his boots behind him. He left his lantern behind him."

"Pinky has never dared to break into a house since then. But he has been wicked enough in other ways, as we shall see."

But Pinky is now and has been for many years a sterling Salvationist and is the Corps drummer, and so far as means will allow, "a useful, financial supporter of the Corps."

This book is a great aid to faith in the redemptive power of the worst of men, and is well worth adding to one's book shelves.

Orders can be placed with the Publishing Department, 317 Carlton Street, Winnipeg, Man. Price \$1.00 postage 10c extra.

Heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people. If Christ is preparing a place for you there, then He will be preparing you here for the place.—James Stalker.

## STAFF-CAPTAIN and MRS. CLARKE

(AN APPRECIATION)

(Continued from page 7)

later Wm. Michael who alternated between Charlottetown and New York, and in 1880, or thereabouts, came to God under Commissioner Railton's storming party, and brought back to P.E.I. that sterling Salvationism which has now run through to the fourth generation.

Coming of such a stock it was in 1906 our hero, as the story books say, entered the Training Garrison in Toronto. During his career he has filled varied appointments: Special Service, Corps, Institutional, etc., but to them all he has brought a breezy and robust personality which will be missed by those of us who remain in Canada.

For several years he has been closely associated with Financial Organization, and in that capacity has become known in the business world of Canada West and among men of affairs whose word is of note in political and commercial circles, interesting them in no small degree in the intimacies of Salvation Army purposes.

Mrs. Staff-Captain Clarke was before her marriage Captain Mary Neff. She also has a picturesque ancestry, and one which will stand her in good stead just now. She comes, as her patronymic suggests, of Dutch stock, and proudly relates how her forbears came over from

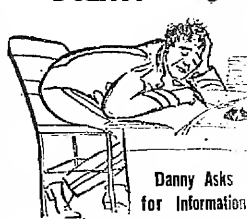
Pennsylvania about five generations ago, and settled in Old Ontario. Nothing to complain about in that, is there?

She entered the Toronto Garrison from Sarnia, Ont., in 1908, and is remembered with affection at the many Corps she commanded before her union with the Staff-Captain; especially is she spoken of in connection with her Garrison appointments. We could enlarge considerably on Mrs. Clarke's many capabilities, but we keep best to put on record her unflinching courage and smiling faith amidst many domestic sorrows; her bright and helpful testimony—private and public—and the evidence of her genuine Salvationism.

We wish for our comrades and their much-loved family great joy and success in their new sphere. They can be sure of a hearty welcome amongst their new associates, and they can be equally sure of the prayerful remembrances of their old-time friends.

As we have previously announced, Staff-Captain Clarke takes up Special Efforts and Financial Organization duties in the important and wide-ranging International Division of the Western (U.S.-A.) Territory, with headquarters at Denver City, and under the leadership of a good comrade, Lt.-Colonel John Hay.

## The Deliberations of Daniel Domore



Danny Asks for Information

Suite A1 Styrumup Man  
Winnipeg

Dear Mr. Editor:

Dear, dear me! Things are going so bad to worse! It never rains but it pours! It is high time that we turn a bit, I am almost ashamed to say my letter this week, so disconcerted by the state of affairs. This getting to the bottom of which our fathers used to boast, is getting beyond me entirely.

(What are you grumbling about? "I don't see you up and tell the man, and keep him in suspense.") Of course, I know that it is my amiable spouse who is grumbling. Well, to tell you the truth, Mr. Editor, I am fair ashamed to tell you what is on my shoulders to say. That is rather a "mixed metaphor"—as our Officer says—but you'll know what I mean.

These drops are terrible! I hear that Lacombe, where they ought to be better, has dropped ten copies; if that's the way Captain Hind is going to wave you after the boosting he's had, well, well! Then I hear rumours, dreadful rumours, of a terrific drop around Winnipeg, and right on the eve of the Congress! What we want is more of the boomer spirit. I wish they'd make me something more than an Envoy, so that I could give some authority to my words—I'd show 'em! More about this Winnipeg drop next week. I'm only just working up to it—as it were, or is, or was. You know what I mean.

But, bless you comrade, there's just one drop of honey in the rock, and that comes from Red Deer where, during Captain Johnsrude and Lieutenant Barwick are stationed; they've actually picked up the ten copies that Lacombe has dropped. So perhaps it was rather silly of me to rave off as I did. Still, Mrs. Hind ought not to let him do a thing like that.

Slane City.

Dear Mr. Donato:

You remember when you were here, I turned out from the back shelves of my store fourteen volumes of *How Matthew's Commentary*, and you said you would like to have them, and Mrs. Domore said she could not find room for them in your club box. Well, this is just a reminder to say that you can have them if you like: I will send them along C.O.D. at the price of 10c per copy. You will remember each book is interleaved, so that you can make your own notes. I am sure you will find them useful if ever you take up public work again. You can stick your own notes between them, and then nobody would know—except, perhaps, the handsomeness who sit behind you. Shall I send them along?

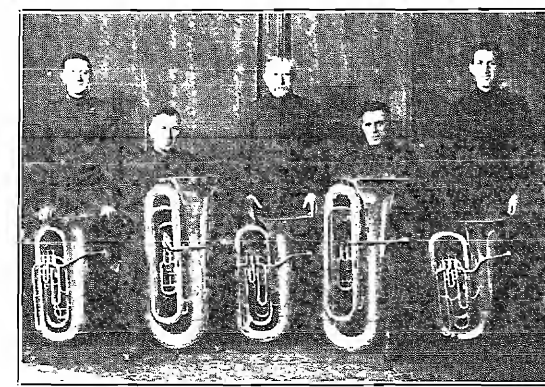
Yours truly, Samuel McManis.

What do you say, Mr. Editor, do you think they would be of any use to me in my "War Cry" selling? I'd do anything if I thought it would help, even the extent of carrying around fourteen quarts (I think they are). But perhaps you think *Commentary* don't help much with selling "War Cry's". Do they?

Yours seeking for information,

Daniel Domore—Editor

The worst people are the most injured by slander, as we usually find it to be the best fruit which the birds have been pecking at.



THE "BASS" SECTION—WINNIPEG CITADEL BAND  
Reading left to right: Bandman P. McBride, Staff-Capt. Clarke, Bandman J. Fowler, Bandman J. Chapman, Bandman J. R. Webster.

## HEROISM IN THE HOME

(Continued from page 1)

to stand and watch my father while, with many curses, he rammed the uniform into the fire, where it was completely destroyed.

The loss of garments is a trivial matter compared with the attitude which such an act indicates. It is not merely the destruction of so much scarlet wool and blue cloth. From henceforth, say the flames as they feed greedily on their prey, there is a gulf fixed between your home and your duty, and constant warfare will result. Recognizing the magnitude and bitterness of their task many cheerfully face it because of a fixed conviction that it is the will of God for them to do so.

Sometimes the wife becomes her husband's greatest enemy. There is one Salvationist whose life partner, for years past, has destroyed every scrap of uniform that she can lay hands on, employing every conceivable artifice to annoy her husband. When strangers hear the story they can scarcely believe it, for he is one of the happiest Salvationists for miles around, and when he testifies, he tells of the drunkenness from which he has been saved. How few realize the perpetual and enormous demand upon his forbearance and his faith in God!

In a neighbouring Corps there is a Corps Cadet who occasionally appears without her Army hat. The Soldiers know the reason, and pray that they may have such courage as this slight

girl possesses. Her mother is dominated by an evil temper, and which seems to be particularly inflamed by the sight of The Army red. Time and time again she has snatched her daughter's hat from her head, and torn it into shreds. Yet the girl tells early and late to provide her mother with a home, and when so robbed of the uniform which she loves more than herself, does her work in ordinary clothes until it is possible for her to replace the destroyed symbol of service.

There are those who cannot wear the uniform at home, and so they use the houses of other Salvationists as refuges, calling there to don and doff the uniform before and after duty; their parents being aware of this.

Could the inner history of many conversions be discovered, great would be the number attributed to this quiet heroism in the home circle, for sooner or later, the Salvationist, doing the will of God, sees the sign of victory. Every burned bonnet and ruined cap is a tribute to the power of God in making heroic souls out of the common stuff of mankind.

"I want a principle within of jealous godly fear.

A sensibility of sin, a pain to feel it near.

Quick as the apple of an eye, O God my conscience make.

Awake my soul when sin is nigh and keep it still awake."

## BAND BOOK TO "BEETHOVEN"

A Query by

OUR very good comrade, Lt.-Colonel International Music, writes as follows: "How pleased we are to find that your body has been read as well as to admit everything, we glad note."

I note you to naming "Beethoven" new Band Book, not the former; we have a good one in this Department across this time name of "Fulda's 'German'". I intended search with others. In nearly attributed to I am aware associated with Gardiner, but I Beethoven had never, it is a fine quite unrepentant (That is the way following a good after one of them of all time.

"And now, in enthusiastic in my offence, I must still remaining, etc., etc." Our authority for made in regard to "Beethoven" (B.B. wood, who says in his "Stories":

"Fulda", or "Gardiner" to be told that it has never been and is considered by Dr. Lightwood all stories in regard to to find his own meafest.

## "WHEN"

THERE are some which are a we they seem to be uttered. We are then lead us in our

There are others who do not help us would go far before sincere. Are we when we say that a person's very attitude—helpful—or the

We have been well-known man in his hands in his p and it did not affect could break him into bad.

And, by the way, we know how to be named for those offered by the car they jerk out "Amie" next business.

Little things like always the way in prayer is repeated, I world of difference



# Deliberations Daniel Domore



Danny Asks  
for Information

Suite A1 Styrum M...  
Winthrop...

dear me! Things are coming  
worse! It never rains but it  
It is high time that we should  
wells in order to stir up the  
I am almost ashamed to say  
or this week, so discrediting  
of affairs. This getting to  
of which our fathers used to  
is getting beyond me entirely.  
it are you grumbling about it?  
you up and tell the man, and  
in in suspense. Of course,  
that is my amiable spouse smiling  
Well, to tell you the truth, Mr.  
I am fair ashamed to tell you  
s on my shoulders to say. That  
ter a "mixed metaphor" as you  
says—but you'll know what I

drops are terrible! I hear that  
be, where they ought to know  
has dropped ten copies, a that's  
y Captain Lind is going to say  
after the howling he's had well.  
Then I hear rumours, dramatic  
of a terrific drop around Win-  
and right on the eve of the Con-  
What we want is more of the  
spirit. I wish they'd make me  
sing more than an Ensign, so that  
I give some authority to my words  
show 'em! More about this Win-  
drop next week. I'm only just  
up to it—as it were, or is, or was  
now what I mean.

bles, you comrade, there's just  
up of money in the rock, and that  
from Red Deer, where, during  
in Joliet and Lieutenant Har-  
are stationed; they've actually  
up the ten copies that Lacombe  
onged. So perhaps it was rather  
me to rave off as I did. Still,  
Hind ought not to let him do  
like that.

Slow City.

Mr. Domore—  
on December when you were born  
out from the back shelves of  
store fourteen volumes of Henry  
their's Commentary, and you said  
would like to have them, say,  
I give some authority to my words  
show 'em! More about this Win-  
drop next week. I'm only just  
up to it—as it were, or is, or was  
now what I mean.

Samuel McMul-  
at do you say, Mr. Editor, do  
they would be of any use to  
"War Cry" selling? I'd do  
if I thought it would help, ex-  
tent of carrying around  
en quarto (I think they are)  
perhaps you think Commu-  
help much with selling  
Do they?

rs seeking for information,  
Daniel Domore—E

worthiest people are the most  
bladder, as we usually find  
the best fruit which the birds  
pecking at.

# Our BANDSMEN AND SONGSTERS

## The Battle of the Drums



### BAND BOOK TUNES AND STORIES "BEETHOVEN" vs. "FULDA"

A Query by LT.-Col. Hawkes

OUR very good and much valued comrade, LT.-Colonel Hawkes, of the International Musical Editorial Department, writes as follows, and just to show how pleased we are to know that somebody has been reading "The War Cry," as well as to admit that we do not know everything, we gladly publish his query.

"I note you take us to task for not naming 'Beethoven' 'Fulda' in the new Band Book. Why the latter and not the former? As you may guess we have a good collection of tune books in this Department, and I have come across this tune not only under the name of 'Fulda' but also 'Walton', 'Germany', and 'Alsace', and an extended search would probably reveal others. In nearly every case the tune is attributed to Beethoven.

"I am aware of the circumstances associated with its publication by Gardiner, but I had never read that Beethoven had denied authorship. However, it is a fine tune, and we remain quite unimportant—and unconvicted—(That is the way of Editors.—Ed.) for following a good lead and naming it after one of the greatest composers of all time.

"And now, in case I was over-enthusiastic in my defence of the alleged offence, I must change the subject. Still remaining, with kind regards, etc., etc."

Our authority for the statement we made in regard to the tune in question, "Beethoven" (B.B.-11) is Dr. J. T. Lightwood, who says in his "Hymn Tunes and their Stories":

"'Fulda', or 'Walton', is said by Gardiner to be taken from Beethoven; but it has never been traced to its source, and is considered by many to be an adaptation of some old German folk-song."

Dr. Lightwood also tells some other stories in regard to Gardiner's attempts to foist his own melodies on Beethoven's attention.

### "WHEN YE PRAY"

THERE are some people's prayers which are a veritable benediction—they seem to be answered before they are uttered. We are always glad to have them lead us in our public devotions.

There are others—if we may say so—who do not help us greatly, although we would go far before we would say they are sincere. Are we right, we wonder, when we say that there is something in a person's very attitude in prayer which is helpful—or the reverse?

We have been surprised to see a very well-known man praying in public with his hands in his pockets. Pure habit, and it did not affect his prayer. But he would break himself of the habit. It looks bad.

And, by the way, we wonder if some men know how their whole prayer is aimed for those for whom it is being offered by the careless way in which they jerk out "Amen," and get on to the next business.

Little things like this—to some of us—ways the way in which the Lord's prayer is repeated, for example—make a world of difference in public worship.

The Army moves so quickly that our history is made one day and forgotten the next. In 1904, however, that we should remind ourselves of the troublesome and difficult paths by which we fought our way in the earlier times, and this stirring tale from our American history is one that should not be forgotten, and should be of especial interest to our Bandmen readers. The first chapter is taken from a pamphlet which was published at the time of "The Battle of the Drums," by Colonel W. Jenkins, who, as the Divisional Commander, took a prominent part in three exciting scenes. The second chapter will be supplied by Colonel George Davis, another American Officer and old-time warrior.—Ed.

### CHAPTER I

EIGHT o'clock of an August evening in the year of our Lord 1899. The place, a large, open corner lot in a great city, unfenced and unoccupied, save for a tent capable of holding perhaps 300 people.

There is a platform at the end of the tent, and upon it a dozen or fifteen Salvationists conducting a meeting. In the body of the tent are only three rows of benches, the remainder having recently been broken and destroyed; but the tent is crowded to suffocation, and the canvas sides being rolled up, the crowd extends outward on all sides until lost in the darkness. There are in the neighborhood of 5,000 souls, men, women, and children, here jammed together.

Scattered about in this throng are a dozen policemen—across the street, dimly seen as a blur on the darkness, are about twenty more, waiting.

### A Curious, Sullen, Quiet Crowd

Waiting—why? For what does the crowd so manifestly look, as it stands in a curious, sullen quiet? For it is an astonishingly orderly crowd, buzzing continually in itself, but offering no manner of disturbance to the Meeting, unless it be on the two or three occasions, when at the instance of some bystander, the whole vast concourse of throats roars out a cheer "for Major Jenkins," "for the Captain," "for the lass by the drum."

So for nearly an hour, every moment increasing, the throng stands, while on the platform prayer, testimony and song go on in the routine of an ordinary Salvation Army Meeting. Several times, when during a chorus those who stand near the tent can hear a light tap, tap, of the big drum, men and women stir eagerly, and everywhere the question arises:

"Are they coming?"  
No, not this time, and again—not yet. "God bless the police!" cries Major Jenkins, leading. "We have never any feeling for those that do the duty expected of them. They are not to blame for the mistakes and faults of others. God bless the police!"

"Amen!" respond the Salvationists, but the crowd is silent, except for scattered groans and hisses.

So the Meeting goes on, and finally

the leader, announcing its close, calls upon all to join in the doxology.

"Well," says someone in the crowd, "I guess they are going to leave them alone tonight."

And meantime the doxology has begun, the voices rolling out so that the light tap of the drum is almost inaudible. They have got to the very last line, "Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost," when there is a sudden backward press of the crowd, a shout of men's voices, the shrill cry of protesting women, a crash of breaking benches, and in ten seconds the tent is a scene of confusion and riot.

A dozen policemen, big fellows all, with clubs raised, and extended arms sweeping hark the throng, spring upon the platform, and while one hushes Major Jenkins aside another grabs the lassie's drumsticks; grasps her arm and says:

"You are under arrest."

It is all a matter of seconds only; but the crowd is quick to understand. They have been seeing the same thing nightly of late, and they are evidently not a patient people. There is a rush and a roar, an irresistible forward pressure, and the next instant the platform is flooded and the police are hemmed in by a surging wall of angry faces—flushed, furious, frankly threatening.

### A Voice of Terrible Appeal

"For everybody's sake," cries the Major, in a voice of almost terrible appeal, "remember where we are!"

"Ay," shouts an angry voice, "the cops remember it—don't they?"

"Never mind!" retorts the Major; "we are submitting; you see that. Do, for the Lord's sake, help us to keep peace."

But it is a highly infuriated mob; fists are shaken and answering clubs are wielded; jeers and contemptuous epithets are flung at the police. Outside in the darkness women's voices cry in excitement, and then but for the passionate pleading of the Salvationists as they mix with the throng, a collision seems inevitable.

But all this has apparently been foreseen, for presently the police lieutenant, finding the drum fast secured to the platform and recognizing the ugly attitude of the crowd, openly signals his reserves, and the next moment twenty more police-

men are clubbing their way into the tent through the press of angrily resisting men and terrified and shrieking women.

"Turn out the lights!" yells someone; "you don't buy gasoline to help the police with."

"For God's sake, no!" shrieks another realizing the horror that might easily follow darkness amid that struggling throng.

Meantime, the police are working, even with hatchets, trying to loosen the well-secured drum, and outside, running hither and thither, are men and women, residents of the immediate neighborhood, many of them hunched, crying passionate protests against this outrage on the Army in the name of a really friendly and favorable people.

Inside the tent the condition of things is moment by moment becoming more serious. Finally, a burly policeman, no doubt furious at the opposition so plainly shown, forces his way across the platform and strikes Mrs. Hargreaves heavily in the chest.

"Oh!" cries the lass, wincing with pain and fright, "you hurt me!"—and at that cry, with a roar, the crowd is upon the police. There is a crash of wood as drum, plank, and all is wrenched away, the sharp rap of clubs is heard, someone turns out the lights, and with a swoop and a surge, like nothing less terrible than the outrush of a mass of water through a broken dam, the struggling, fighting crowd hursts from the tent.

### The Din of Shrieks and Blows

Those are a horrible twenty seconds that follow, with their din of shrieks, blows and scuffling. Thank God for the cool-headed Lieutenant of the Corps, who, roaring, "Stand still, everyone!" buffets his way to the tent-pole, and in an incredibly short time relights the gasolier.

The arrested drummer lass has all this while stood silent and still, her eyes closed, her lips moving most of the time. She turns now to the policeman in whose charge she has been given, and trying to smile, says:

"I think you had better take me to the patrol wagon; I am afraid I am going to faint."

It is with a touch of real genuine gallantry that the man offers his arm; it is with a gentleness, a kindness that speaks all the apology he dare not utter that he conducts the stumbling, white-faced lass to the wagon. At that moment the board on which the drum is wired is at last cut away from the platform and the entire body of police charges its way out through the crowd, bringing the Corps Captain and an indignant outsider who, it is said, resented official brutality by striking the policeman who struck the lass. The prisoners and the drum are bundled into the patrol wagon and amid the hoots and groans of the crowd the vehicle drives away and the police disappear.

(To be continued)

### "PURTY POOR STUFF!"

There was a certain man who was blessed, or cursed, with a very good opinion of his ability as a preacher, and was always ready to hear what people thought about his sermons.

One day an old parishioner one day, he asked: "Well, Mr. Snooks, and how did you like my sermon yesterday?"

"Well, ye see, parson," was the reply, "I haven't a fair chance wi' them sermons of yours. I'm an old man now, and by the time I manage to get to the Church all the front seats are taken, and I have to sit at the back."

There's old Mrs. Smith, an' Mrs. O'Callagher's daughters, an' Bert Snow, an' all the rest of 'em sittin' in front of me wid their mouths open as-a-wallowin' all the best parts of your sermon, an' what gets down to me is purty poor stuff, parson, purty poor stuff." He that hath ears to hear, etc., etc.



Prisoner and drum bundled into the patrol wagon.







Ensign Promoted

Nelson, Metlakatla, Alaska, visited the Ensign, and taken care of him. Brother John S. Ensign was drowned while he was journeying over five miles from place to place. He hoped that the Ensign would do it, and the place where the boat was conducted by the Ensign.

led by Ensign and Mrs. Rupert, assisted by about twenty Ensigns. The Ensigns were greatly missed in the work. The Ensigns were not to be forgotten. God will sustain Mrs. Ensign, in these hours.

at Winnipeg IV.

Corps (Captain Towns). Once again we had a good time at our Open-Air at the corner of the Ensign. We had a very appreciative crowd of Ensigns. We had a very good time. The Ensigns were very much to be missed. The Ensigns were very much to be missed.

Ensign Lieutenant Morrison. One man knelt at the Ensign. Sunday night, the Ensigns were very much to be missed. The Ensigns were very much to be missed. The Ensigns were very much to be missed. The Ensigns were very much to be missed.

At the Heights. The Ensigns were very much to be missed. The Ensigns were very much to be missed. The Ensigns were very much to be missed. The Ensigns were very much to be missed.

At the Heights. The Ensigns were very much to be missed. The Ensigns were very much to be missed. The Ensigns were very much to be missed. The Ensigns were very much to be missed.

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At the Heights. The Ensigns were very much to be missed. The Ensigns were very much to be missed. The Ensigns were very much to be missed. The Ensigns were very much to be missed.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Many things had happened in Sardinia since Captain Alan Bristow and his wife had come to take charge of The Salvation Army Corps here. A girl named Helen Ormond had come to them in great trouble. They had helped her through her trouble, and when her father had turned her from her home they had taken her in to live. She was again reconciled with her parents. Will Coulter, a drunkard and backslider, had through their efforts been reclaimed. Officer O'Donnell, a big policeman, had come to them in trying to locate his son, Danny O'Donnell. He had been drawn in through the Ensigns, had been converted, and became a Soldier in the Corps. There had been a long and bitter strike in Sardinia that had taxed all the resources of Captain Bristow and his band of Salvationists. During the strike Mr. Murray, a very wealthy man, had come to the help of The Army. Thus the first year of their stay in Sardinia had slipped away, and they were in the Winter of the second year. It drew near to Christmas time. Christmas Eve an attempt was made to steal one of The Army kettles. They had had an inkling of a warning that the attempt would be made, and Officer O'Donnell had been lingering near. When the man had grabbed the kettle and sprinted toward a moving automobile that was to pick him up, the policeman had leaped into the street and called upon him to halt. The running man disregarded the challenge, and the officer had drawn his pistol and fired at him. The man had pitched forward into the snowy street. The policeman ran to where he had fallen, and as he turned the man's face upward to the light he had stage-gazed to his face. O'Donnell's eyes were wide open. "Danny! It's Danny! O my God! I've killed Danny!" It was found that Danny was not killed only wounded. He was taken to a hospital where the bullet was probed for and found. Afterward the doctor told Ensign Bristow and the father that everything would be all right, and they went home. But it was long before the Ensign could get to sleep.

CHAPTER XVII—Danny's Story

DESPITE the fact that he had been very late getting to sleep, Ensign Bristow was awake early. It was Christmas Day, and there were many things calling loudly for his attention. The entertainment and treat for the children was to be held that night, and there were many things to be seen to with regard to it. Not all the decorating of the hall for the occasion had been done, though the Young People's Sergeant-Major, and a corps of workers had toiled at it till late the night before.

Thus it happened that the Ensign was busy when at 10 o'clock the phone rang. When he took down the receiver and responded to the call a familiar voice came to him over the wire.

"Is that you, Ensign?" he heard and when he had given an affirmative response the voice continued. "This is me, Officer O'Donnell. I called to see if you could go with me to the hospital this morning. I have just called them there and they told me that I can see Danny now. I wondered if you would be caring to go with me? They tell me that Danny is conscious this morn' an' has been asking for me."

A Warm Light Filled His Eyes

"I will go with you," he told the big man, saying nothing of his many duties clamoring to be done. "Where shall I meet you?"

When he met Officer O'Donnell a little later he saw that the night had left its traces on the face of the policeman. There were heavy shadows under the eyes of Irish blue, and a tired droop to the mouth. The shoulders, too, had an unusual sag to them that had not been put there by weariness alone. However, a warm light filled the eyes that greeted the Ensign.

"It's glad I am that you could come," he said. "I'm glad to have you with me. Somehow I feel sort of shaky when I think of going into the room where Danny is." Then, he added, with a heavy sigh, "It's a bad business, an' it has me all upset."

At the hospital they made known their request at the desk, and a little later a patient-nurse came to them and took them to one of the upper floors of the building. She tripped down the long corridor and waited for them before a door that stood partly open.

"Do you want to go in alone, first?" the Ensign asked the father as they drew near to where the nurse stood waiting. He was mindful of the feelings of the other, and thought that perhaps he would want the first meeting with the errand Danny to be without witnesses.

"Oh, no!" gasped the old man, a look of panic sweeping across his face. "If I go, I feel kind of shaky all over!"

So the two of them passed into the room together. The nurse had preceded them and made a slight adjustment of the shade at the window that let the clear morning light flood into the room.

It was the first time Ensign Bristow had had an opportunity to get a good look at Danny O'Donnell. The injured man

A FEW THAT ARE WORTHY

By ENVOY C. W. WAGONER

was propped up in bed, and the clear morning light fell full on his face. The Ensign had to confess to himself that it was an unusually attractive face. His head was bandaged where he had gashed it in falling on the kettle, but the bandage did not hide all the crisp black hair that waved back from the forehead. His skin was clear and of that whiteness which is found with black hair in the Irish race alone. While his eyes were perhaps no bluer than those of his father, they were of a different shade of blue, deeper and more intense, like midnight skies, and were fringed with long black lashes.

The meeting of father and son was an awkward one. For a moment there was an embarrassed silence, then Danny spoke first. "Hello, dad!" he said, a slow flush creeping upward to his forehead, a ashamed look clouding his face.

"Hello, Danny," returned his father awkwardly; then with a heavy attempt at ease, he asked, "An' how are you feelin' this mornin'?"

"Just fine!" Danny's eyes were on the nurse as she deftly touched a few things about the room. Then, as she had evidently fixed things to her liking, she quietly went from the room. Then Danny spoke again. "Dad, will you please close the door? There are some things I want to say to you and I do not want anyone outside to hear."

"Ain't it Hell!" he Exploded

Danny lay in silence for a few minutes, his fingers picking nervously at the white covering on the bed, apparently at a loss for words. He was lying under great feelings, and was fighting hard to keep a grip on himself.

"Ain't it hell!" he finally jerked out explosively. If either of his hearers was shocked by this unconventional opening he did not show it. While Danny evidently had much to say, it was plain to be seen that he did not know just how to say it. But he realized that it must be said in some manner, so he went on hurriedly. "The Captain, here, don't know me," he said. "I suppose I ought to be ashamed to say it, but I don't think that dad knows me much better, leastways I don't know him very well. I don't know whether you will believe me, but what I am going to say is absolute truth. I know I have got myself into an awful mess, but whether you believe it or not, this is the first time I have ever been mixed up in anything of this sort. I have been gone from home for a long time, and I have not made a big

success of things, but I have worked and made a living, and never tried to steal till I got mixed up in this thing." His face again flooded with color, but desperately he went on. "I had some trouble of another sort and it made me go away from here. I've wandered about a lot, and have had some pretty hard times, but I did manage to keep straight. I often wanted to come back home, but was afraid to on account of the way I had gone away."

Not so very long ago I got hold of a copy of The War Cry, and there I saw the notice you had printed about me, dad. That made me want to come home more than ever. I tore out the piece and kept it. For three weeks after that I got copies of The War Cry, and in each of them I found the item saying that you wanted me to come home. I wanted to come home again before ever I found out that you wanted me to come. But I had been afraid to come. However, that notice in The War Cry settled it, and I decided to come home no matter what it might mean.

"I Just Drifted Along"

"From then on I began to drift toward home. I was away in the South and it was a long trip. So I just drifted along, picking up whatever I could in the way of a job here and there, and this carried me along till I met those two men in the automobile. They gave me a lift for the last fifty miles of the way."

"It was they who got me into this thing. They put it up to me yesterday afternoon. One of them had found out when the kettles were being taken in last night. I did not want to go into it at first, but they argued me into it. Don't think that I am trying to crawfish out of it. I know that I am responsible for making my own decisions. But the way they talked it over made it seem that it was not so awfully bad. They said that the money did not belong to any individual, that it was the public's money, and that it would not be so hard for us to help ourselves to some of it."

"They pointed out that there would be enough in the rest of the kettles to pay for the dinners for the poor, that the kettles had been on the street for a number of days and must have gathered in a lot of money. Anyhow, the way they talked about it got me to thinking that it was not such a bad thing to do after all. So I finally consented to do it. They were to come up the street in the automobile and pick me up when I sprang from the crowd and grabbed the kettle."

"That is the reason I did not come to you, dad, as soon as I got in town. I was waiting till after we got away with the money. You see they made me think that in this way I could pay them for the lift they had given me on the way. You see, too, dad, that I did not know then that you belong to The Salvation Army. All that happened after I had gone away from home. But I am in the mess now, and I am ready to pay for it, at least as soon as I can get away from the hospital. I never thought of all that I was letting myself in for, when I got into the thing. You see the way they put it up to me. I never thought of getting caught, much less of being shot down and my life endangered. But as soon as I am able to do so I am ready to go to jail for what I have done."

"I don't think that you will go to jail," said the Ensign as Danny stopped speaking. "I do not intend to prefer a charge against you, and there is no one else to do it. I would not press a charge against you for your father's sake alone even if you had got away with the money, which you didn't. The snow that had fallen into the kettle through the day had melted and wet the money, so that it stuck together. The kettle fell right side up, and there was none of it jarred out, so we did not lose anything."

"Thank you, Captain," said Danny huskily. His father, too, was much moved by the words the Ensign had just spoken. "That is much more than I deserve. I am thankful I did not get away with it. I have learned my lesson, and I will never get caught in anything like that again."

They talked some further regarding the matter, but not long after this the father said that he must go as it was time for him to go on duty. He had not special leave to come and see Danny, but now the time had expired. A look from Danny seemed to the Ensign to ask him to remain, so he stayed after the big policeman had gone.

"I Don't Want Dad to Know"

"I wanted you to wait a bit," said Danny after his father had gone. "There are a couple of things I want to talk with you about, if you please. The first is that I do not want dad to know that I know it was he that shot me down."

"Doesn't he know that you know?" "No; nor do I want him to know just yet. He feels badly enough about it as it is. The other thing that I want to talk about is the trouble that made me leave home. I think it was a desire to right this as much as it was the piece dad had put in The War Cry that brought me back."

Left Her to Face the Consequences

"I will be only too glad to help you if I can. Do you mind telling me the nature of this trouble?"

"I will have to do that if you are to help me. I am not proud of it I can assure you. I wronged a girl, and then ran away and left her to face the consequences alone."

The Ensign could not help but feel some of the good impression that Danny had made on him slipping away at these words. Perhaps his voice was not just as warm as he put the next question, "And just what are you planning to do about it?"

"I want to find her, and, if possible, make it right by marrying her."

"What is her name?"

Danny seemed to hesitate before divulging this. Anyhow, it was some time before he answered, but when he did speak his words came in the nature of a shock to his hearer. He merely spoke a name.

"Helen Ormond," he said.

(To Be Continued)

For Women Only!

I read an article quite out of my line—a description of a visit to a "beauty parlour." The best of it was the concluding paragraph—

"What I can't understand is why my mother and my mother's mother, who had none of these lotions and massages and creams, should have been far less lined and wrinkled and infinitely pleasanter to look at than the scores of middle-aged and old women I am seeing at beauty parlours. There must be a mistake somewhere."

Of course there is, and all sane observer will know where.

This Picture Has No Relation To The Story

except that it may remind you that Jesus once said to His disciples—



"THE HARVEST TRULY IS PLENTIFUL, BUT THE LABORERS ARE FEW; PRAY YE THEREFORE THE LORD OF THE HARVEST, THAT HE WILL SEND FORTH LABORERS INTO HIS HARVEST."

## Centenary Call Campaign

"No Retreating—Hell Defeating"

Vol. IX.

## We Are Looking For You

We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address **ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 317-319 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Enquiry"**. One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expense. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars (\$3.00) extra.

2001—Philip or Patrick McBride, height 6 ft., sandy complexion, gold rimmed glasses, and always carried two gold lined match boxes which bore his home address: 51 Blackstone St., Woonsocket, Rhode Island. Niece desires to locate.

2188—Charles Scott, Canadian, last heard of at Thiel River Falls, Minn. Age 55, light complexion, blue eyes, medium size, bachelor, worked at farming and woodcutting. Brother Robert enquiring. Please communicate with this office.

2210—J. C. Phillips, age 56, height 5 ft. 8 in., last heard of near Moose Jaw, formerly of Muskoka, Ontario. Brother enquiring.

2209—William Edward Paine, age 55, last known address Aberdeen, Sask. Was railroad worker. Mother very anxious.

2205—Ralph Leggett, age 28, height 6 ft. 1 in., wore glasses, last heard of at Six Mile Creek. Missing five years. Grandmother anxious to enquire.

2147—Alfred Edwin Shaw, age 50, height 5 ft. 3 in., fair hair, grey eyes, fair complexion, native Louisiana, confectioner, missing from Calgary.

2072—Albert Victor Haakonson, age 51, average height, brown hair, blue eyes. Last heard from at Edmonton, Alta. Wife and child very anxious to hear from him.

1924—Henry Grellet, French Canadian, age 39, medium height, slight build, dark hair, dark eyes, dark complexion, station engineer or carpenter, last heard from at Port Arthur, Ont. Decided lump on right side.

2200—Tubias Dandey, Jewish, age 55, height 5 ft. 1 in., black hair, brown eyes, fair complexion. Owned fry food store to Winnipeg. The small purple near right eye and double chin. Wife anxious to locate.

2206—Ernest Paul Johanson, born at Fredrikstad, Norway, in 1885. Mother's name was Emilie Johansen. Visited Norway in 1917 and when he returned to U.S.A. he took his mother and two sisters (Einar and Margit) with him. Last known address Winnipeg. Forest Worker (cook).

2207—Elvira Johanne Eriksen, age 23, average height, blonde hair, blue eyes. Last heard from at Saskatoon, Sask. Her old father is very anxious.

2114—John Wm. Walker and Wife. Pattern maker. Number in Pattern Makers League, 11043, was re-admitted Feb. 26th, 1917, at age 28. Last known address, Vancouver B.C. Wife had dress-making business at East Grandview, Vancouver and went by name Madeline Josephine. Aged father anxious to locate.

2105—James Young Campbell. Age 21, height 5 ft. 6 in., Scottish, fair hair, dark complexion, born in Paisley, Scotland. Sister Mary enquires.

2118—David Johnstone. Age 55, height 5 ft. 8 in., wears a very heavy mustache. When last heard of he was in Calgary, about two years ago. Should this meet the eye, please communicate. Brother anxious to hear from him.

2163—Clara Freda Fowler. Daughter of Leslie and Amy Fowler, age would be between 20 and 23. Last known address was Strawberry Hill, New Westminster, B.C. Anyone knowing the whereabouts of this girl or her mother, kindly communicate with this office.

1948—Harry Davies. Age 53, height 5 ft. 5 in., medium build, brown hair, inclined to be bald on top. Last heard from at Jasper, Alberta. Has also resided at Fairview near Oliver and Venterton, Okanagan Valley, B.C. Brother anxiously enquires.

2117—Charles Rowland Humphreys. Age 11, medium height, brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Last known occupation, teamster. Native of London, has not been heard of for some years. Sister anxious for news.

### Adjutant Davies at Penticton

Sunday, September 9, was indeed a day of great blessing, when Adjutant Davies of the Training Garrison was with us. The message of Salvation was sounded out in three stands on Saturday evening, when good crowds stopped to listen. The Adjutant's singing arrested the attention of many, and the music of her concertina added interest.

Sunday morning a splendid crowd listened to our Meeting at the railway station. "Jesus, Jesus, never a Friend like Jesus," sang the Adjutant, and we feel many hearts were led to think of Him in that light. In the Holiness Meeting two comrades gave up all to follow Jesus, and we all renewed our covenant with God. The children were delighted to see the Adjutant in the afternoon. The Knights of Pythias Hall was the scene of a splendid Meeting at night, when a good crowd assembled, and where much conviction was felt.

—Capt. Eby and Lieut. Forbes

# WAR CRY

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29th, 1928

No. 39

## Annual Territorial Congress

LT.-COMMISSIONER & MRS. RICH

— TOGETHER WITH —



### Colonel Mary Booth

(Territorial Commander for Germany)

WILL CONDUCT THE

### WINNIPEG CONGRESS

From OCTOBER 12th to 16th

Friday, Oct. 12th Grace Church 8 p.m.	<i>A Pageant of Merciful Adventure</i>
Saturday, Oct. 13th 7.0 p.m.	<i>Public Parade and Salute</i>
Saturday, Oct. 13th First Baptist Church 8.0 p.m.	<i>Comrades and Old Comrades Assembly</i>
Sunday, Oct. 14th Capitol Theatre 10.45 a.m.	<i>United Holiness Gathering</i>
Sunday, Oct. 14th 3.0 p.m.	<i>Lecture: "The Work of The Salvation Army"</i>
Sunday, Oct. 14th 7.0 p.m.	<i>Great Salvation Battle</i>
Monday, Oct. 15th Grace Church 8.0 p.m.	<i>The Congress Festival</i>

(FINAL DETAILS NEXT WEEK)

AND

Vancouver Congress from Oct. 19 to 23

## Centenary Call Campaign

"Shoulder to Shoulder we Stand"

## Salvation Songs

Tune: "He Lives" (B.B. 2)

I entered once a home of care,  
And age and poverty were there,  
Yet joy and peace withal.  
I asked that lonely mother where  
She found her widowhood's deliver,  
She told me—"Christ was all."

Chorus:

Christ is all—yes, all in all;  
Christ is all—yes, all in all;  
My Christ is all in all.

I saw a martyr at the stake,  
The flames could not his courage shake,  
Nor death his soul appal;  
I asked him whence his strength was given,  
He looked triumphantly to heaven,  
And shouted, "Christ is all."

I dreamt that hoary time had fled,  
The earth and sea gave up their dead,  
And fire from heaven did fall.  
I saw The Army's ransomed throng,  
I heard the music of their song,  
'Twas—"Christ is all in all."

Tune: "Wells" (B.B. 163)

Jesus, Saviour, pilot me,  
Over life's tempestuous sea;  
Unknown waves before me roll,  
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;  
Chart and compass come from Thee,  
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

As a mother stills her child,  
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;  
Boisterous waves obey Thy will,  
When Thou sayest to them, "Be still".  
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,  
Jesus, Saviour pilot me.

When at last I near the shore,  
And the fearful breakers roar,  
Twist me and the peaceful rest,  
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,  
May I hear Thee say to me—  
"Fear not—I will pilot thee."

An Old Time Open-Air Solo

There is a cleansing current,  
It flows from Calvary,  
'Twas opened by the Saviour  
From sin each soul to free,  
And now His voice is calling  
With accents, oh, so sweet,  
Come to the cleansing River,  
Down at the Mercy-seat.

Chorus:

Calvary's Stream is flowing,  
Calvary's Stream is flowing,  
Flowing so free  
For you and me,  
Calvary's Stream is flowing.

Though worn and heavy laden  
And burdened with your sin,  
There's virtue in the River,  
Oh, will you enter in?  
There's healing in its waters,  
There's cleansing in its stream,  
Then look away to Calvary,  
Where Mercy's light doth beam.

This stream of life eternal  
For you is flowing free,  
Oh, bow yourself for cleansing,  
And gain your liberty,  
Then Christ shall be your Saviour,  
And out of you shall flow  
A life of peace and heaven,  
God's paradise below.

Tune: "On the road to anywh..."

Marching on, marching on,  
We're marching on,  
With never a sorrow and never a pain,  
Marching on with our sins forsin,  
Marching on to meet our friends  
in Heaven,  
Marching on, marching on,  
We're marching on,  
Along the bright and shining road,  
We shall hear the angels sing,  
We shall hear the music ring  
Up in the City of God—"J"

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INTERNATIONAL H  
101 Queen Victoria St

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